

THE

87

PRODIGAL DAUGHTER;

*Or the disobedient Child reclaimed, being an au-
thentic Account of*

MARY BROWN.

Price one Penny.

LET every wicked graceless child attend,
And listen to the lines which here are penn'd,
God grant to all it may a warning be,
To love their parents and shun bad company.

No farther off than London now of late,
A gentleman did live of vast estate;
And he had one only daughter fair,
Whom he tenderly did love most dear.

They kept her cloathed in costly rich array,
And as the child grew up in truth they say;
Her heart with pride was lifted up so high,
She fix'd her whole delight in vanity,

Each sinful course to her did pleasure seem,
And of the holy Scriptures she made game,
At length her parents did begin to see,
Their tender kindness would her ruin be.

The mother thus began to her to speak,
My child this course you run will my heart break;
The tender love which to you I have shown,
Near will cause my tender heart to groan.

Come come my child, this course in time refrain,
And serve the Lord now in your youthful prime;
For if that in your wicked course you run,
Your soul and body both will be undone.

Laughing and scoffing at her mother, she
Said, pray now trouble not thyself with me :
Why do you talk to me of heavenly joy,
My youthful pleasure all for to destroy.

The mother said, my child, how do you know,
How soon your pride into the dust will go ;
For young as well as old to death bow down,
And you must die and God doth know how soon.

She from her mother in a passion went,
Leaving her aged heart in discontent :
She wrung her hands, and to her husband said,
She's ruin'd soul and body I'm afraid.

Her father said her pride I will pull down,
Money to spend of me she shall have none ;
I'll make her humble before I have done,
Or else for ever I will her disown.

All night she from her father's house did stay,
Next morning she came home by break of day :
Her father did ask her where she had been,
She answered pertly, what was that to him.

Her father stript her of her rich array,
And then he dress'd her in a russet grey ;
And to her chamber he did her confine,
With bread and water fed her for some time.

Altho' their hearts did ache for her full sore,
This course they took her soul for to restore :
But all in vain, she wanted heaven's grace,
As sin within her heart had taken place.

PART II

ONE night as she was musing in her room,
The devil he unto her did come,
In shape of person like unto a man,
And seemingly he took her by the hand.

He said, fair creature, why do you lament,
Why is your heart thus fill'd with discontent?

She said my parents cruel are to me,
And keeps me here to starve in misery,

The devil said if you'll be rul'd by me,
Revenge'd on them you shall quickly be :
Seem to be humble, tell them you'll repent,
And soon you'll find their hearts for to relent.

And when your father he does use thee kind,
An opportunity you then will find :

Poison your father and your mother too,
There's none will know who the act did do.

Where do you live ? tell me where to come,
That I may tell you when the job is done ;

He said, my name is Satan, and I dwell,
In the dark regions of the burning hell.

At first she seem'd something to be surpris'd,
But want of grace had so blinded her eyes :

She said, well if thou the devil be,
I'll take the council that you give to me.

But mind what wonders God does every hour,
His mercies are above the devil's power :

He will his servants keep both night and day,
From the devouring subtle serpent's prey.

Next day when she her father's face did see,
He instantly did fall upon her knee ;

Saying, father, now my wicked heart doth relent,
And for my sins I heartily repent.

Her father then with tears her did embrace,
Saying, blest am I, for this small spark of grace,

That heaven has my child bestow'd on thee ;
No more I'll use you with such cruelty.

Unto her mother then straightway he goes
 And told her the blest and happy news;
 Her mother then rejoic'd was for her part,
 Not knowing the mischief she'd in her heart,
 But the Almighty her designs did know,
 'Twas his blessed will it should be so,
 That other graceless children they might see,
 All things are done by heaven's great decree:

The poison privately she had bought,
 And only then a proper time she sought,
 To work the fall of those her parents dear,
 Who brought her up with tender love and care.

PART III.

ONE night her parents sleeping were in bed,
 Nothing but troubled dreams ran in their heads,
 At length an angel did to them appear,
 Saying awake, and unto me give ear:

A messenger I'm sent from heaven kind,
 To let you know your death's are both design'd
 Your graceless child, whom you do love so dear,
 She for your precious lives has laid a snare.

To poison you the devil tempts her so,
 She has no power from the same to go:
 But God such care doth of his servants take,
 Those that believe in him he'll ne'er forsake.

You must not use her cruel or severe,
 For tho' these things to you I do declare,
 It is to shew you what the Lord can do,
 He soon can turn her heart, you'll find it true.

Pray to the Lord his grace for to send down,
 That like a prodigal she may return;
 The fatted calf for joy you'll kill that day,
 And angels shall rejoice in heaven high,

Because a wretched sinner does repent,
 Who had in vice and sin her time mispent:
 'This pious couple then awoke we hear,
 And soon the angel then did disap'ar.

They to each other did the vision tell,
 And said, hence we'll watch her actions well,
 And as this vision unto pass must come,
 We'll praise the Lord for such great wonders done.

Next morning she rose early as we hear,
 And for her parents breakfast did prepare,
 And in the same she put the poison strong,
 An' brought it to them when she had done.

Her father took the victuals which she brought,
 And down the same unto the dog he put:
 He eat the food, and instantly did die,
 The case was plain, she could it not deny.

They called her the sight for to behold,
 Which when she saw her spirits soon ran cold:
 She cry'd, the devil has me now deceiv'd,
 I've miss'd my aim for which I'm sorely griev'd.

With bitter pains, my child, I did you bear,
 I taught you how the Lord of life to fear:
 Whole days and nights I have in sorrow spent,
 To bring you up now to my discontent.

Quite void of grace you in your sin did run,
 You slight my council after all I've done:
 Instead of obedience which you ought to pay,
 Your parents' lives you're seeking to betray.

When thus she heard her tender mother speak,
 She in a swoon did drop down at her feet:
 And all the arts that e'er they could contrive,
 Could not then bring her spirits to revive.

Four days they kept her, then they did prepare,
 To lay her body in the dust we hear:

At her funeral a sermon then was preach'd,
All other wicked children for to teach.

How they should love their tender parents kind,
Their words observe, their council for to mind;
And then their days will be long in the land,
All things shall prosper which they take in hand.

She sermon being over and quite done,
To lay her body in the dust they come;
But suddenly they bitter groans did hear,
Which much surpris'd every one was there.

At length they did observe the dismal sound,
Come from the body just laid in the ground;
The coffin then they did draw up again,
And in a fright they opened the same.

When soon they found that she was yet alive,
Her mother seeing that she did revive;
I'd praise the Lord in hopes she would have time,
And would repent of all her heinous crimes.

She in her coffin then 'was carried home,
And when unto her father's house she came;
She in her coffin sat and did admire,
Her winding sheet, and then she did desire,

The worthy minister for to sit down,
And she would tell him wonders which were shewn
To her, since her soul had took its flight,
She had seen the dark regions of eternal night.

PART IV.

She said, when first my soul did hence depart,
(For to relate the story, grieves my heart)
I handed was to a loamsome wild desert,
And briery woes which dismal were and dark.

The briers tore my flesh the gore did run,
I call'd for mercy, but I could find none;
At length a glimpse of light I did espy,
And heard a voice which unto me did say,

Now sinful soul, observe and you will see,
 How precious does that light appear to thee:
 But in the dark regions of eternal night,
 You never must expect to see the light.

Now hasten to the light which does appear,
 And there your sentence you will quickly hear;
 Hearing this did hasten me along,
 At length unto a spacious gate I came.

I knock'd aloud, but no one answer made,
 At length one did appear and straightway said;
 What want you here? I answered to come in,
 He ask'd my name, and shut the gate again.

I wept most sore, and to the man thus said,
 Am I the first my parents disobey'd?
 All are call'd to hell that have committed sin;
 Few at this gate I fear doth enter in.

He said, but you have been a sinner wild,
 Things beside a disobedient child;
 Swearing and whoreing, sabbath-breaking too,
 Therefore begone for here's no rest for you.

I said, hear me, sir, and remember pray,
 How holy David he did go astray;
 The man whose heart once with the Lord did join,
 Adultery and murder was his crime.

He said like David you did not return,
 As he in ashes for his sin did mourn;
 And God is merciful you well do know,
 He will forgive all those that humble so.

I still my cause pursued with him to plead,
 And told him, Sir in Scripture I did read,
 How Mary Magdalen, who here does rest,
 Once with many devils was possess'd.

Go, silly woman, he did answer then,
 And you as much lamented for your sin,
 And mercy at your Saviour's feet implore,
 All your sins he would your soul restore.

In Holy Scripture he does there appear;
 Read the Apostles and you'll find him there;
 You must believe it that you say'st must be,
 That Christ for sinners dy'd upon a tree.

PART V

Then save me Lord, to him I did reply,
 For I believe that Christ did for me die,
 And let my soul remain from whence it came,
 And I will honour thy most holy name.

A voice I heard, which said to me return,
 But first behold the wretched place of doom,
 Where the reward of us is justly paid;
 I turn'd about and suddenly was dismay'd.
 I saw the burning lake of misery.

I saw the man there that first tempted me,
 My loving tender parents for so long;
 And he both fierce and grim did look on me.

He told me at last that he was sure of me,
 I lost my Saviour's blood had set me free;
 Then in a heinous manner he did roar,
 Then turn'd to me my senses did restore.

When thus his story he to them had told,
 She said, put me to bed for I am cold,
 And call to me my tender parents dear,
 Whom I will love and honour while I'm here.

hope this will a good example be:
 Chastise your parents honour and obey;
 And then the Lord shall place you here on earth,
 And give you a crown of glory after death.

FINIS

Adieu, Pious.